THE EARL of PEMBROKE's SPEECH IN THE *HOUSE OF PEERS*, When the Seven LORDS were accused of *High-Treason.*

Copia vera
MIC. OLDSWORTH.

Printed in the Year 1648.

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My Lords,

YOu know I seldom make Speeches, yet (my *Lords*) every thing would live; and now I must either find a *Tongue*, or lose my *Head*. I am accus'd for *sitting here, when your Lordships fled to the Army*; Alas, my *Lords*, I am an old man, I must *sit*; you may ride or run any whither, but I am an old man. You voted them *Traytors who left the House, and went to* York; they told us then they were *forc'd away by Tumults*: Do not You say so too? were they Traytors for *going*, and am I a Traytor for *staying*? 'sDeath (my *Lords*) what would you have me do? hereafter I'le neither *go* nor *stay*. I have served you 7 years, what have you given me, unless part of a *Thanksgiving Dinner*, for which you made me *fast* once a Month? I was fed like a Prince at the KING's cost, twice every day, (long before some of you were born) and this KING continued, nay, out-did his *Father* in heaping favours upon me: Yet (for your sakes) I renounc'd my Master when he had most need of me; *voted* against him, *swore* against him, hired men to *fight* against him: I confess, I my self never *struck* at him, nor *shot* at him; but I prayed for those that did: I gave my Tenants their Leases Fine-free, if they would *rise and resist the* KING. And yet (my *Lords*) after all this, must I be a *Traytor*? Have I not *sworn* for you over and over again? You sent me on your Errands to *Oxford*, to *Uxbridge*, to *Newcastle*, to *Holdenby*; you hurried me up and down as if I had been a *King*: You made me carry a world of *Propositions*, I brought them all safe and sound; what you bad me say, I spake to a syllable; and had the KING ask'd me how old I was, without your Commission I should not have told him, and yet (my *Lords*) I am an old man. Remem-

ber how I ſtuck to you againſt *Strafford* and *Canterbury*; ſome of ye ſhrunk at *Strafford*'s Tryal, that your Names were like to be *poſted* with *Malignants*; and for *Canterbury*, many of you would have had him *live*, my Lord of *Northumberland* and others would have no hand in his Bloud, but I gave ye the *caſting voice*, which ſent him packing into another world; and yet now would ye ſend me after him? Have I not ſate with you early and late? When the *Parliament* tumbled, and toſs'd, and roll'd it ſelf, on this ſide, and on that ſide, ſtill I was for the *Parliament*; though I ſtaid here with *Presbyterian Lords*, yet when *you* return'd I was firm for *you*. All the *other* Lords left you in the *Houſe* when Sir *Thomas*'s Chaplain *gave thanks* for your *return*, but I ſtaid and pray'd with you, and am (for ought I know) as great an Independent as any of ye all. I rejoyc'd with ye, faſted, ſung Pſalms, pray'd with you, and (hereafter) will run away with ye. Nay, I had done it now, but who knew your minds? If ye meant I ſhould *follow* ye, why did ye not *wink* upon me? Think ye I could run away by *inſtinct*? My *Lords*, you know I love Dogs, and (though I ſay it) I thank God I have as good Dogs as any man in *England*; now (my *Lords*) if a Dog follow me when I do not call him I bid him *be gone*; if I call him and he comes not, then I beat him; but if I beat him for not coming when I never call'd him, you'l think me mad; 's Death (my *Lords*) *'Tis a poor Dog is not worth the whiſtling.*

But perhaps my fault is not meer *ſtaying here*, but being *active* in your abſence, becauſe in my Robes and Collar of SS. I brought up Mr. *Pelham* the Commons new *Speaker*; why, what if I did? Is not Mr. *Pelham* my own *Couſin*? would your Lordſhips have me uncivil to my *kindred*? why might not I *entertain* the new *Speaker* as well as Sir *Robert Harley* intreat us to *admit* him? Mr. *Pelham* is none of Sir *Robert*'s Couſin, and yet Sir *Rob.* is an old man.

I hear ſome ſay, that *I was forward to begin a new War*, that

that *my Hand is to all the warrants for listing Men and Horse*; and in order thereunto *I voted His Majesty should come to London.* 'Tis true (my Lords) I did give my Vote for the *KING*'s coming hither; but wherefore was it? 'twas onely to come to chuse a new *Speaker:* what would ye have us dumb, and sit here like *Ferrets?* My Lords, I love to hear men *speak*; and all the *Lawyers* told me, *No King, no Speaker*; that either the *Commons* must *name* their *Speaker*, and the *KING approve* him; or the *KING name* him, and the *Commons approve* him; *no King, no Speaker.* And so I was *for the King*, that is, *for the Speaker.*

Then (my Lords) observe the *manner* of his coming: the *KING* was to come *according to the Covenant*; mark ye that? I was still for my *Oaths:* let him come when he will, if the *Covenant* fetch him, he had as good stay away. And yet men cry shame on the *Covenant*; those that *took* it do *cast it up* again; and those that refuse it have given a world of Arguments that it is *unreasonable*; which *reasons* our *Assembly* (like a Company of Rascals) never yet answer'd. I know (my Lords) many of our Friends never took this *Oath*, but they refus'd it out of meer Conscience; shall *Malignants* Consciences be as tender as *ours?* why, what do they think our Consciences are made of? But (my Lords) suppose this Oath be *unreasonable*; can we do nothing but we must give *reason* for it? this is as bad as the House of *Commons*, who when we deny to pass any Ordinance, presently send to know our *reasons*, though themselves give no *reasons* for demanding *ours.* And so Malignants would have *reasonable* Oaths; only here's the difference, the H. of *Commons* do use to *demand* Reasons, and Malignants desire to be suffer'd to *give* Reasons. My Lords, I love not this giving of *reasons*, though I hold the *Covenant* is extreme reasonable, for as some Malig. *take* it to *save* their *estates*, so we *give* it to make them *lose* their estates; both *love* the *estate*, and both hate the *Covenant.* Thus (*my Lords*)

we

we have *Reaſon* for this Oath, and Your Lordſhips have *No Reaſon* to make me a *Traytor* while I give my Vote *according to the Covenant.*

As for *ſigning Warrants to raiſe a New War*, I wonder you'l ſpeak of it; have not you all done it a hundred times? how many Reams of Paper have we ſubſcrib'd to raiſe Forces *for King and Parliament?* 'Tis known I can ſcarce write a word beſides my Name: Cannot a Man write his own Name without loſing his Head? If I muſt give account for what I ſet my hand to, Lord have mercy upon me! I ſee now my Grandfather was a wiſe Man, he could neither write nor read, and happy for me if I were ſo too. Come, come my Lords, be plain and tell me, do I look like one that would *raiſe a New War?* I muſt confeſs I love a good Army, but if there be none till I raiſe it, *Soldiers of Fortune* may change their Names. No, (my *Lords*) 'twas not I, 'twas the *Eleven Members* would have *rais'd a War*; you ſee they were guilty by their running away, I neither ran with *them*, nor with *you*, I do not like this *running away*, I love to *ſtay* by it; and whether was for *War*, I that ſtayed in *Town*, or You that went to an *Army?* The Devil of Horſe did I liſt but in my New Coach, nor uſed any Harneſs but my Collar of S-S. And will you for this clap me in the *Tower?* You ſent me thither ſix years ſince for but handling a *Standiſh*, and now you'l commit me for *writing my Name*; what (my *Lords*) do you hate Learning? Can you not *end* or *begin* a *Parliament* without ſending me to the *Tower?* Do your Lordſhips mean to make me a Lord *Mayor?* If I needs muſt go, I pray you, ſend me home, to *Baynard's Caſtle* or *Durham Houſe*, (a damnable Fire burnt my Houſe at *Wilton*, juſt that hour I mov'd Your Lordſhips to drive Malignants out of *London.*) But why to the *Tower?* am I company for *Lyons?* do you think me a *Cattamountain*, fit to be ſhown through a Grate for two pence? No, my *Lords*, keep the *Tower* for *Malignants*, they can *endure* it, ſome of them have been Priſoners 7 years;

they

they can feed upon bare *Allegiance*, pleaſe themſelves with Diſcourſes of *Conſcience*, of *Honour*, of a *Righteous Cauſe*, and I know not what: But what's this to me? How will thoſe Malignants look upon *me?* nay, how ſhall I look upon *them?* I confeſs ſome of them love my *Son*'s company, they ſay he's more a *Gentleman*, and has *wit*: 'sDeath (my *Lords*) muſt I now turn *Gentleman?* I thought I had been a *Peer* of the *Realm*, and am I now a *Gentleman?* Let my *Son* keep his *Wit*, his poor *Father* ne're got two pence by his *Wit*. Alas, (my *Lords*) what *hurt* can I do you? Or what *good* will it do you to have my Head? I am but a *Ward*, my Lord *Say* hath diſpos'd of *me* theſe *ſeven* years; I am no *Lawyer*, though the *Littletons* call me *Couſin*; I am no *Scholar*, though I have been their *Chancellour*; I am no *States man*, though I was a *Privy-Counſellour*; I know not what you mean by the *Three Eſtates*. Laſt *June* the *Army* demanded a *Releaſe* for *Lilburne*, *Muſgrove*, and *Overton*, I thought *They* were the *Three Eſtates*. I thank God I have a good Eſtate of my own, and I have the Eſtates of my Lord *Bayning*'s Children, and I have my Lord of *Carnarvan*'s Eſtate; theſe are my *Three Eſtates*. And yet (my *Lords*) muſt I to the *Tower?* Conſider we are but a few *Lords* left, come, let's love, and be kind to one another: The *Cavaliers* quarrell'd among themſelves, beat one another, and loſt all. Let Us be wiſer, my Lords; for had we fallen into their condition, my Conſcience tells me we had look'd moſt wofully.

I perceive Your *Lordſhips* begin to think better of me, and I hear you would quit me if I were not charg'd by the *Agitators* and *General Council of the Army*. How? *Agitator?* 'sDeath, what's that? Who ever heard that word before? I underſtand *Claſſical*, *Provincial*, *Congregational*, *National*, but for *Agitator*, it may (for ought I know) be a Knave not worth three pence: If *Agitators* cut Noble men's throats, you'l find the *Devil* has been an *Agitator*. As for the *General Council*, I hate the Name of it, 'tis old and naught, and

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us'd to be full of *Bishops*; those fellows have troubled us ever since the *Apostles*; I thought we had made 'em poor enough, and is their *Name* come again to torment me? My *Lords*, I understand not these *General Councils*, those of old (they say) were *Christians*, and these are *Independents*: What a damnable deal of *Generalling* is here! *General Assembly*, *General of the Army*, *General Council of the Army*; we never had quiet hour since we had so many *Generals*. Well, my *Lords*, these are hard times, and we make them worse with hard words, which neither we, nor our Fathers understood. Heretofore *Bishops* went *Jure Divino*, then *Elders* would be *Jure Divino*, and now *Agitators* will be *Jure Divino* (Dam me, I think nothing is *Jure Divino* but *God*.) Call you this a *through Reformation*? what betwixt the *Assemblers* and the *Agitators* I am *reform'd* to meer skin and bone. My *Lords*, if these '*tators* must rule the Kingdom, why are not we our selves *Agitators*? why may not I make *Oldsworth* an *Agitator*? His *abilities* and *honesty* are equal to most of 'em. But (for ought I see) *Agitators* will sooner be Earls of *Pembroke* and *Montgomery*, than we *Agitators*: for the *Parliament* leads the *People*, the *Army* leads the *Parliament*, Sir *Thomas* leads the *Army*, *Cromwel* leads Sir *Thomas*, *Ireton* leads *Cromwel*, *Agitators* will lead *Ireton*; whither the Devil shall we all be led at last?

My *Lords*, ye see I have spoke my mind; I hope every week some of your *Lordships* will do the like; and the *Commons* in this (though in nothing else) will follow the House of *Peers*.

But I have done, I have done, my *Lords*: Remember I beseech you I am an old man, I have been a Grandfather *time out of mind*, (for I was so when this Parliament began) and now must I be food for *Agitators*? O my *Lords*, I have used the KING so ill, and He lov'd me so well; and I have serv'd you so well, and you use me so ill, that no man is sorry for me: Therefore my Request is, that you would not think of sending me to the *Tower*, 'till some body pities me.

FINIS.